

# The Different Daughters of Tony Stark

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Summary: Tony Stark has a daughter. Each chapter is a different daughter and a different look at how Tony could treat them. This summary sucks, but I needed a way to remove my writers block. If a chapter is well liked I may consider it for full story status.

## 1. Chapter 1

### The Different Daughters of Tony Stark

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#### Chapter 1: Brooke

Tony goes to Georgia to visit Harley, but if he finds a bar along the way and has a drink the night before he sees the boy then who can blame him? He hasn't seen Harley but he's stayed in touch with him and wants to personally surprise the boy with a full scholarship to the college of his choice. Sighing as he shuts off his car in front of a country bar, he thinks that the scholarship still isn't enough to thank the boy for helping him in a bleak situation but it is a start.

He is walking towards the bar when he hears a dirt bike zip into the parking lot. Glancing, he sees that the owner is a short and lean

female with a full helmet complete with visor. Looking at the dirt bike he notes that the body is in the middle of repairs but that the engine runs well. Turning, he's about to open the bar door, but a man-whom he assumes to be the bar tender- rushes out and runs towards the girl. Eavesdropping is a bad habit, but Tony doesn't care and pretends to look for his wallet as the frustrated looking bar tender talks to the mysterious owner of the dirt bike.

Running as fast as his bad hip would let him, the bar tender meets the young woman half way. "She's at it again Brooke! If she keeps this up the cops will think I run a damn brothel!"

Lifting the visor, the young woman called Brooke sighs. "How drunk is she?"

Rubbing his jaw, the bar tender looks at her. "Drunk enough to be violent."

Taking off the helmet, Brooke sighs. "Of course she is. Don't worry, Paul. I got this, but have your shot gun ready."

Nodding, Paul takes her into the bar. Curiosity outweighs Tony's sense of self preservation and he follows the pair inside. Looking around he sees that no one under eighteen is in here and that the cigarette and cigar smoke is so thick you could practically carve it. Stuffing his hands into his pockets, he slowly approaches the bar and sees the source of the bar tenders tension. There is a fifty year old scantily clad woman with dry and stringy bleached blonde hair and bad eighties make up sitting at the bar. He watches as she offers sexual favors in exchange for money, drugs, and alcohol. Shivering, he looks and sees the bar tender walk up to him.

Paul looks and recognizes Tony, but doesn't say anything. "What can I get you?"

Pointing, Tony sees the bourbon. "Bourbon. Is she your local hooker?"

Paul glances over at the woman as Brooke approaches. Sighing, he pours Tony's bourbon. "Kind of. She is hooked on so much shit that she sells herself while her daughter's working."

Shaking his head, he sees Brooke take off her helmet. She has deep brown eyes, high cheek bones, strong jaw, and hair that is cropped on the sides but left spiking length at the top. Chuckling to himself, Tony thinks she could model for the poster child of punk rock. "I take it that the young woman is her daughter?"

Nodding, Paul cleans some glasses. "Yeah, sharp as a damn whip and twice as quick. She built that dirt bike out of scrapped parts. When she's not working in the factory she's building and fixing shit. Amber says she gets it from her father."

Confused, Tony looks at Paul. "Who's Amber?"

Pointing, Paul points to the older woman. "Her. She was a beauty queen back in her day. Got a full ride scholarship to the best college in Georgia. Miss Georgia runner-up in 1988 before she went on summer break and came back pregnant."

Furrowing his brows, he remembers sleeping with a beauty queen on his way to Miami in 1988. "Her name is Amber Mayer is it?"

Paul nods. "Yeah. How do you know her?"

Looking at Paul, he looks at the young woman. "How old is Brooke?"

Stealing a glance at Amber and Brooke, Paul thinks. "Twenty-seven. Why?"

Tony is about to come up with lie when the sound of glass breaking and a person hitting the floor fills his ears. Turning, he sees Brooke on the floor holding the side of her head as Amber stands over her with a broken beer bottle.

Grabbing another bottle, Amber smashes it against the bar top. "You little piece of shit! I gave you life! Give me some money or I will cut your sorry ass!"

Looking up, Brooke prepares her body to move quickly. "How can I give you anymore money when you just steal it all!"

Amber tries to stab Brooke, but Brooke rolls out of the way. Growling, Amber starts throwing glasses as well as bottles. "You live in my damn house! I don't steal shit! My house, my money, my daughter! I do as I please with all of it!"

Taking cover under a table, Brooke breaths deeply as blood rushes from her head. "Then consider me gone. I'm not property. Kill yourself slowly if that's what you want, but don't blame me for your shitty life!"

Amber goes to dive under Brooke's table, but Brooke flips the table and Amber lands head first into the table top. Bar patrons form a protective circle around Brooke as they wait for the police to arrive. Touching her head, she looks dazedly at her blood covered hand. "That hurts."

Shocked, Tony looks at a paled Paul. "Does this happen often?"

Shaking his head, Paul looks at Tony. "Not this violent. I knew Amber was a mean woman but I never thought she would try to kill her own kid."

Looking at Brooke, Tony grabs a small device from his pocket. "Excuse me, I will be back."

Taking a small device from his pocket, Tony pricks his finger puts a drop of blood into it. Walking over he sees the crowd part slightly and enough people crowding her to notice that she's frustrated by the attention. Walking up, he smiles. "I've got a little experience at looking at injuries. May I?"

He flips the fallen hair from the gash on her cropped side and sees a wound that will need stitches. Discreetly, he gets some of her blood in his analyzer and the light turns green. Shit. "You will need stitches. That much is clear. Is there an ambulance on the way. She could have a concussion."

Blinking, she looks at hi. "I do. I don't need stitches if someone has some superglue. Thanks for the concern though. I need to get my stuff before she whores bail."

The police walk in just as she says that. Looking up, she sees the offending cops. "Hey, can you keep her in a while longer, she assaulted me and I'm packing up and leaving. I don't if I have to live under a bridge. I'm done."

One officer scowls. "Hold your damn tongue."

Tony is about to say something when a big burly guy covered in tattoos wearing biker gear stands up. "Wanna repeat that Jeff? I'm pretty sure your wife would like to know how she got crabs."

The officer shuts his mouth and nods. Standing up, Brooke makes her exit through the back. Quickly, Tony follows her. The big guy follows him and shuts the back door before Tony can open the door. "Wanna tell me why you're following her, Tiny?"

Looking up, Tony smiles. "Yeah, I knew her mom in the biblical sense about twenty-eight, closer to twenty-seven years ago."

Looking at Tony, the man shakes his head. "I knew you looked familiar. Damn, she looks like you."

Nodding, Tony looks at him. "I promise you that if I had known she existed then I would have taken her away from this."

The biker frowns and opens the door. "You still can. She's rough. She stays with me and the fellas when her mamma gets to be too much. Be good to her or you will have the Devil's Hounds on your tiny ass." The guy takes a wad of cash from his pocket and hands it to Tony. "Give her this. I never got to pay her for fixing my ride. She wouldn't take it, but maybe you can put some sense in her head."

Walking through the door, Tony shakes his head. "If she's anything like me, and judging from what I've seen and heard she definitely is like me, that will be impossible." Running, he stops her from riding off. "Hey! Wait!"

Turning, she looks at him and lifts her visor. "Can I help you, sir?"

An image of Brooke lifting an Iron Suit face plate rushes through his mind before he nods. "Yeah, I know you're not going to believe this, but I'm your father."

Looking at him, she smiles bitterly and shakes her head. "Right, Tony Stark is my father. Good talk. I've got some packing to do before she screws her way out of jail." Getting on her bike she looks at him one last time. "I appreciate your effort to get me out of a rough situation, but if you ever say something like that again, I will take a machinist wrench to your skull."

Looking at her, Tony thinks. She's a Stark and if there is one thing a Stark wants is facts. "Wait! I have DNA evidence!"

Stopping mid revv, she looks at him. "Prove it."

Taking out his blood analyzer and his Stark Phone, he looks at her. "I'm going to run the test again for your benefit." He pricks his finger and puts his blood on the analyzer and motions for her to do the same. "Watch the screen."

Watching the images, Brooke takes the phone. "Paternal Match. You are my father."

Nodding, Tony looks at her. "If I would have known I would have fought for custody. I-"

Falling back, he grabs his jaw. Looking up shocked, he sees her panting with a clenched fist. "You never bothered contacting any of your one night stands. That's for all the hearts you've broken. Be glad that I don't wail on you for my shitty existence but you say you don't know, so I will believe you. If you really want to help me? Get me the hell out of this God forsaken state!" She extends her right hand towards Tony.

Grabbing her hand, Tony is shocked by how strong she is and wonders about how much mechanic work she does alone. "You're strong. I've got to check on a friend. He's two towns over. You can abandon everything now and come with me. I can give you anything you need or want. I promise that I'm here now."

Pacing, she looks at him. "I want to get my tools. They are the only things that I've been able to keep from her."

Nodding, he shows her to his car. Watching her expression, he smiles despite his nervousness. "You like it? I bought and added a few customizations."

Putting her helmet under her arm, she opens the door. "Yeah, bullet proof glass and body. Stark Stereo System, satellite tracking, and Arc Power technology. Of course you customized the car who else would do that?"

Smirking, Tony nods. "Yeah. You got me on that one. Any where else you need to stop?"

Thinking a moment, she looks at him. "Let me say good bye to the fellas."

Tony waits as Brooke says her good byes. The way the big guy acted he feels that the biker gang was her only family for a long time, so he respects her need for privacy. He motions her over when she walks out rubbing her eyes. "You going to be okay?"

Nodding, she gets into the car. "Let's just go."

She gets her tools, clothes, and toiletries and is out in about ten minutes. Looking back, she grabs a baseball bat from the porch and walks to the car. "All done, Pops. Let's go."

Nodding, he looks at the bat. "You play?"

Shaking her head, she watches the place she called home disappear. "No, it was a gift from the boys."

The trip is quiet and long. Tony finds a small quaint little hotel in the next town and checks them in. He's about to call Pepper but she calls him first and she sounds angry. "Anthony Edward Stark! Did you know that TMZ has pictures of you with a woman half your age!"

Sighing, Tony makes sure that Brooke is still in the bathroom. "She's my daughter."

Angry, Pepper doesn't register what he's said. "Yeah, she's young enough to be your daughter!"

Huffing, Tony repeats himself firmly. "No, Pepper. She is my daughter. I confirmed it." The line goes quiet and Tony worries. "Pep? Are you still with me?"

Stunned, Pepper responds. "We will talk about this when you return."

The call ends and Tony sighs. Pepper's tone is ominous and he feels like this is a real blow to her ego. They finally decided to have children, but the doctor's told Pepper that Extremis made it impossible. Her immune system would read the fetus as an abnormal cell growth and immediately abort it. Looking up, he silently hopes that Pepper will like Brooke and that Brooke will like Pepper.

## 2. Chapter 2

### The Different Daughters of Tony Stark

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### Chapter 2: Toni

It shouldn't shock the Avengers but Hydra has really done it this time. Hydra has created -or attempted to create- the ultimate soldier. Steve stares at the tank in disbelief and taps his earpiece. "Stark, you and Banner need to see this."

Looking at Bruce, Tony shrugs. "After you Dr. Banner."

Rolling his eyes, Bruce goes and finds the room. "What's the problem?"

Looking at him, Natasha points to a large tank. "Hydra."

Confused, Tony and Bruce look at the tank. A young woman is floating in green goo and there are wires and tubes connected to her body. Turning to Natasha, Tony frowns. "What is this?"

Looking to Steve and receiving a nod, Natasha looks at Tony and Bruce. "An attempt at creating a destructive force with yours and Bruce's intellectual capacity."

Bruce and Tony look at each other and then the tank. Smiling, Bruce looks at Natasha. "Seriously, what is this?"

The look on Natasha's face stays the same and both men pale. Shaking his head, Tony looks at the team. "How is this possible, two men can't create a baby. How?"

Shrugging, Natasha looks at the tank. "Ask Hydra."

Bruce is about to prattle on about the difficulties of a procedure like this when the machine starts beeping. Everyone stops and watches in fear as the wires and tubes disconnect from her body. The tank drains and she gently lands in the fetal position at the bottom of the tank. Natasha and Tony keep Bruce back and watch in slight fear as the tank opens.

Stepping forward, Steve raises his shield and looks at the curled form. "Hello? Can you hear me?"

Blinking, the young woman looks up and whimpers as she curls in on herself. Cautiously, Steve helps her sit up and finds that she's fully developed. Blushing, he waves Natasha over. "Natasha, we need feminine eyes."

Rolling her eyes, Natasha walks over and kneels in front of the shocked young woman. "Hello, can you understand me?"

Bruce and Tony are looking over the data as Natasha coaxes the woman into a blanket. Blinking, Bruce looks over. "She probably doesn't understand much yet. Her brain is still processing everything they literally downloaded into her brain. According to this she's also, a little over two years old."

Looking at the young woman, Natasha blinks. "She's big for her age."

Shrugging, Bruce looks up from the console. "Must get that from me."

Chuckling, Tony looks at her. "But she has my good looks."

Rolling his eyes, Bruce looks up at Natasha. "Check her coordination."

Looking over her shoulder, Natasha raises a brow. "How? I'm used to doing this for concussion patients. I have no idea how to do it for toddlers in adult bodies."

Clint sees the young woman look at him and he waves. He watches her tilt her head and wave back. Smiling, he looks at them. "She likes me!"

Smirking, Tony looks at him. "She's not old enough to know better."

Sticking out his tongue, Clint looks back at her. "Hey, I'm Clint. She's Natasha, he's Steve, that's your mommy Tony, and he's your daddy Bruce."

Tony is about to growl out a response when she looks at him. "Mommy?"

Sighing, Tony looks at Clint. "I hate you. No, I'm not Mommy, I'm poppa."

Looking around and finally at her toes, she wiggles them and huffs. "Technically speaking, your genetic code was donated to the egg portion of my creation. Mommy, mother, or ma is a technically appropriate term for you."

Everyone stares at her and Bruce laughs. "Congratulations, Mommy. Our little girl's first words were science."

Suppressing a smirk, Natasha looks around for clothes. "Maybe you two can paint cars or build robots together."

Steve notices that the young woman moves her legs over the platform. Quickly, he moves towards her and helps her up. Looking up at him, she grabs one of his large arms and stands. "My muscle growth was induced using electrical stimulation, perhaps if I can translate what is in my mind to what I want my body to do, then I can walk."

Steve instinctively grabs her hand as she takes her first steps towards the console that Bruce and Tony stand behind. He keeps her steady and slowly lets go of her hand as she wobbles towards the console. "Look there Tony, your little girl took her first steps."

Tony watches and offers his hands and she grabs them when she reaches the console. "Good work. What else can you tell us?"

Looking at the console, she frowns. "Their security is sub-par at best. My programming was only half complete when they started. I have received no orders, but I don't think I was ever intended to be released."

Frowning, Bruce looks up at her. "What do you mean?"

Tilting her head, she taps the console. "Emergency power shut down is the only reason I'm out. My tank is the first thing to power down. See these floors? Everything not of importance shuts down first to ensure that all high security data is transferred to an outside source."

Looking over her shoulder, Steve frowns. "What are you doing?"

Taking a cable from her tank, she hooks it into the back of her neck. "Rerouting the data."

Blinking, Tony watches her eyes flash green then her pupils blow out. "What's happening! Pepper will kill me if I have a kid and let her



die on the first day!"

Rolling his eyes, Bruce smacks his arm and points to her. "She's still breathing, but I think she's downloading the information into her brain."

Nodding, she moves her hands in a motion similar to Tony's when he's navigating his holoscreens. "Correct and I'm rerouting all sent data to me."

Clint walks over and frowns. "Why are you doing this?"

Wrapping the blanket into a makeshift sarong, she looks at him. "Because Hydra left me here to die by enemy hands. I clearly meant nothing to them. The enemy offered me clothing, spoke to me, and has indicated no ill intent. Why would I bite the hand that aids me?"

Shrugging, Natasha looks at Tony. "She's got a point."

Frowning, Clint looks at her. "What did they put in your head?"

Looking around and gesturing, she stops. "Basic language and motor functions, combat training, nothing magnificent."

Looking at her, Bruce stills his hands on the console. "So, how did you learn this?"

Tilting her head, she looks into nothing. "Using basic language skills I learned to glean more information than I was given. I've had two years of inattention to learn how to bypass their systems. I learned ethics from outside sources. Everything I know has been assembled through research. My mind remained active despite their best efforts to shut my body down."

Natasha looks around and sees that the base looks like it hasn't been occupied for a while. "You've been alone?"

Tilting her head towards Natasha, she hums. "Physically, yes. Mentally, no. I've had an entire network to keep my mind occupied. I'm self-sufficient in the ways that count. I learned that I could even reactivate the machines if required. Hydra wasn't aware this base was in disuse. I used this to my advantage. I knew that if I sent certain packets of information to your intelligence community that I would eventually be released."

Walking towards her, Tony looks impressed. "You staged this?"

Nodding, she begins gesturing again. "Yes. I needed Hydra to believe that this facility was still in use, so I sent electronic reports regarding their "experiments" and kept them fed with falsified data until recently. The protocol of engagement indicates that all power is to be cut from non-essential areas first and that all heavily armed personnel are to protect areas of vital importance at all costs."

Swallowing hard, Steve looks at her. "What happened to everyone?"

Stopping, she tilts her head towards him. "After Project Insight, The Hydra team that was responsible for my creation believed that an experiment such as the one that created me was too dangerous to continue. They attempted to shut down my tank and life support systems. I was already gleaning their systems and manipulated them to look like I was dead. I kept all systems running and allowed to leave with out incident. Total casualties, zero."

Pulling out her gun, Natasha looks at the young woman. "Why would you keep their systems running?"

A beam shoot the gun and disintegrates it. The young woman turns fully to Natasha. "Because I wanted to live. They were not aware that I was a living self-aware being and were willing to end my life on the belief that I was not a sentient being. Their systems kept me alive and fed with nutrients and information; it was survival that made me keep this facility powered. Please, do not pull another weapon. I am not fond of violence, but I am quite capable of it."

They watch as the lights and power go completely off. Tony lights up his arc reactor and watches as the young woman unhooks the cable from herself and the tank. Startled, he looks at her. "What just happened?"

Wrapping the cable around her hand, she looks at him. "I've set the building to reactivate and self destruct in thirty minutes. All information is gleaned and this place is no longer pertinent to my survival. I advise everyone to leave the premises."

They rush to the quinjet and everyone looks at her. Tony and Bruce each sit next to her. Rubbing his neck, Bruce sighs. "So, how did they put those things in you?"

Accepting another blanket from Steve, she looks at Bruce. "Thank you, Captain. When I was created, I was taken as an infant and surgically altered. A small port composed of vibranium and basic copper and silicon were grafted into my brain and nervous system. Dr. Zola determined the procedure successful when my eyes did what you saw them do earlier."

Frowning, Tony looks at her. "But you said that they didn't consider you sentient."

Closing her eyes, she tilts her head. "Mission reports indicate that all creations not outside of their containment units are not to be considered viable and therefore are of no importance and should not be salvaged. I was not considered a living being because I was in a growth tank."

Looking at her, Tony takes a deep breath. "Do you have a name?"

Shaking her head, she looks at him. "No. I was not given a designated name, just the number you saw on my charts."

Bruce and Tony look at each other and make a few motions. Tony nods and looks at her. "Well, you do now. Toni Elizabeth Stark."

### 3. Chapter 3

#### The Different Daughters of Tony Stark

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Note: I know how this goes and basically Tony want to keeps Steve's big blue puppy eyes and pouty pink lips away from his daughter and just wants to make Tony suffer.

#### Chapter 3: Em : Elizabeth Maria

Natasha returns from her mission early and the only thing she wants is a hot shower and a bottle of vodka. Walking out of the elevator she hears an unfamiliar female voice in the kitchen. Taking her gun out of the holster, she stalks towards the kitchen. Peering around the corner, she sees a lean young woman wearing sweat pants and a sports bra rummaging through the refrigerator grumbling on her phone.

The young woman straightens up and runs a hand through dark chestnut hair. "Yeah, I know that data is there because I know I saved it. Have you tried looking under the file labeled "Bern 2015?" No? Why am I not surprised. Now you see it? Good, the next time you call, please make sure it is an actual emergency. I'm not on vacation! I'm scheduled to do a conference in two days at MIT and then I've got to see about a few things regarding the family business." She turns and sees Natasha pointing a gun at her. "I've got to go. I think the welcome committee is here."

Natasha looks at her and keeps her glare and gun steady. "Who are you?"

Looking at Natasha, the girl rolls her eyes. "Elizabeth Maria Stark. Lady if you're going to threaten me, then you're going to need something a little bigger than a Dessert Eagle; I've lived in Sweden for four years, that isn't scary."

Tilting her head, Natasha looks at her and sees the resemblance. "You are related to Tony."

Rolling her eyes, Elizabeth sighs. "I would hope so, half of my genetic material belongs to him. He hasn't told anyone has he?"

Natasha is about to respond when Tony and the others walk in. Scowling, Elizabeth throws a roll of paper towels at Tony. "I

messed you a week ago that I was coming and you told your team nothing. She thought I was an evil agent or something. What the hell, dad?"

Everyone, stops and looks at Tony. Shifting, Tony chuckles. "Looks like Clint isn't the only one with a secret family."

Looking at Tony, Elizabeth shakes her head and grabs her sweat shirt off of the couch. "Nice. I'm going out. Explain it while I'm gone or have Pepper do it. I don't care."

She shoves her way passed the team and waits for the elevator. Tony sighs and looks at the ceiling. "FRIDAY, hold elevator."

Growling, she looks at him. "FRIDAY, belay that."

Frowning, Tony shoves his way passed the shocked team. "Em, I'm sorry. I got occupied."

Crossing her arms, she stares at the doors. "Yeah, I heard. You almost died. Thanks for calling me and telling me you were fine."

Sighing, Tony runs his hands through his hair. "I didn't have time. We had to save Cap and prepare for Bucky's trial."

Turning quickly, she glares at him. "I'm not doing this in front of your friends, but here is a good question. How long does it take to send one damn email or text? Let me go get something to eat because I'm not eating moldy take out."

The elevator doors open and she turns and walks into a wall of muscle and she falls back. "Ow! What the- hello."

Flustered, Steve helps her up. "I'm so sorry! Are you okay?"

Nodding she looks at him and the man behind him and gives her brightest smile. "Hi. I'm Elizabeth Maria. My friends call me Em."

Looking closely at her Bucky laughs. "I know a Stark when I see one. Tony, you have a daughter?"

Nodding, Tony looks between Steve and Em. "Yeah, she's my daughter. Sorry Capsicle and Robo-Soldier, but she's going on a food run."

Grinning, Bucky looks between Em and Steve. "But I'm sure she could use a guide. She still smells like Switzerland."

Tony glares at Bucky. "She's a big girl she can go alone."

Shaking his head, Steve looks at Tony. "No, it's late. It won't take me long to get dressed down. I will be back."

Smiling, Em nods. "Okay."

Bucky smiles at Tony and makes a marking motion. Stuffing his hands into his pockets, he grins. "Do you guys want anything?"

Smirking, Clint chuckles. "A bowl of popcorn and front row seats."

Looking at Tony, Em frowns. "You don't have to be mean to him. He didn't mean to walk into me!"

Scowling, he looks at her. "You are flirting with a man twice my age!"

Tossing him a signature Stark smirk, she looks at him. "I was not flirting. Trust me if I were flirting the whole world would know it."

Scoffing, Tony looks at her. "Really? Prove it!"

Smiling, she turns to Bucky. "Mr. Barnes, may I just say I admire well built things. Your mechanical arm is nice too."

Natasha takes her place with the rest of the team. Looking at Clint, she smirks. "It's like watching Tony argue with a mirror. A younger funnier female mirror."

Nodding, Clint pulls candy out of his pocket. "Yep. I wonder if Tony knows that he's turning really red."

Taking the offered candy, Sam shakes his head. "Probably not. Is it just me or is anyone else waiting for a DBZ stand off with someone shouting "Smart ass levels are over nine thousand!" I mean that would be hilarious."

Tony looks at Em and sighs. "We will talk about this later. Go get some food and come right back."

Cracking her neck, she looks at him. "I'm getting groceries and duh, I'm coming back. I came to visit you, have SI meetings ,and hold lectures regarding theoretical physics."

Shocked, Tony looks at her. "The one Jane and Erik Selvig are raving about?"

Nodding, she sees Steve come out. "Yeah, we can talk about it later. I'm making spaghetti tomorrow. Meat and no meat options. I am a fan of Dr. Banner's research. It would be an honor to meet him in calmer setting. Yes?"

Nodding, Tony looks at her. "Yeah. We can talk after dinner tonight, okay?"

Steve watches the two Starks talk quietly and he looks at Bucky. "I wonder how much he's actually sacrificed to make the world safe."

Looking at the pair, Bucky stuffs his hands into his pockets. "I'm willing to bet that she's a big reason that he's wanted the world safe."

Rushing out of the common room, Tony goes down to the workshop and grabs a bottle of scotch. Looking into the bottle, he sighs. "When did she start hating me?"

In the grocery store, Steve and Bucky watches as Em grabs healthy food as well as baking supplies. Clearing his throat, Bucky taps her shoulder. "Baking for an army?"

Looking at the two she shakes her head. "No. I've got a lot going on in the next few days and baking settles my nerves. I figure that everyone burns enough calories fighting crime to eat most of it."

She continues to fill the shopping cart and Bucky nudges Steve. Shrugging, Steve looks at him and back at Em. "What do you bake?"

Slightly shocked, she clears her throat and taps her fingers. "Cookies, cakes, cupcakes, muffins, brownies, and anything else I can get a recipe for, it's nothing really. Speaking of brownies and muffins, I need some chocolate and sour cream."

They follow behind her and Bucky looks at Steve and whispers. "Say something you idiot."

Rolling his eyes, Steve whispers to Bucky. "What am I supposed to say? I messed up with Sharon and I have no idea to talk to someone with her level of genius!"

Rubbing his face, Bucky looks at him. "Ask her about something she likes, obviously she likes baking. Try!"

Clenching his jaw, Steve looks at Bucky. "I just met her! I literally just ran into her!"

Making a face, Bucky points to Em. "Just do it!"

Rolling his eyes, Steve looks at her. "She's Stark's daughter, she probably hates my guts. We did almost kill him!"

Face palming, Bucky looks at him. "And using us to piss him off! She doesn't care about that obviously and he almost killed you too! Quit stalling and start flirting!"

Biting his lip, Steve looks at Em once more. "So, what kind of muffins do you bake?"

Looking behind her, she smiles. "Most any kind. I've not tried apple cinnamon yet. I usually do the basics like chocolate chip and berry varieties."

Nodding, Steve walks closer to her. "What kind of varieties?"

Tilting her head, she looks at the eggs display. "What do you mean?"

Looking back, Steve sees Bucky motioning for him to continue. Turning to face her, Steve clears his throat. "Um, you said berry varieties. What kinds of berries do you like to use?"

Startled, she looks up at him. "You were listening? Wow. Um. Blueberries, black berries, strawberries, raspberries, cranberries."

Frowning, Steve looks at her. "What do you mean by "you were listening?" of course I was listening we are talking."

Shaking her head, she looks at him. "Sorry, when guys talk to me they usually just agree with everything I say and don't ask questions. They just assume I'm talking to hear my own voice and agree hoping for the chance to get in my pants."

Shaking his head, Steve sighs. "Kids these days have no respect for anyone."

Nodding, she puts three large flats of eggs in her cart. "That's pretty much why I'm single now. It is difficult enough being the youngest person on my research team without having the lab assistants hitting on me like drunken frat boys; which in their defense they usually are."

Bucky gives Steve the thumbs up and motions for him to continue. Rubbing his neck, Steve looks at her. "You mentioned that you had a busy week. May I be so bold as to ask what your schedule is like?"

Smirking, she looks at him. "I am available after one tomorrow afternoon and the whole day after tomorrow. Wednesday is packed with MIT lectures and Thursday and Friday are filled with more SI meetings."

Swallowing, Steve looks at her. "Would you like to get coffee tomorrow after your meetings?"

She almost drops the pasta she's holding as she looks up at him. "Really? Um, yeah. Sure, okay."

Smiling, Steve nods. "I know this great place, if you're interested. It is close to the tower and is locally owned."

Putting the pasta in the cart, she smiles and looks back at Bucky. "I'm assuming your friend thinks that I should agree. Normally, I don't agree with people, but I like your idea. I hate the big coffee chains, so local is perfect."

Steve is about to say something when his phone rings. "Hello? Hi Tony." He looks at Em and his heart twists. Judging by Tony's voice and tone, he's drunk and isn't going to remember what ever they talk about. "Yeah, we are almost done at the grocery store. I know where all those places are and yes we took the regular car. See you soon, Tony."

Pushing her cart towards checkout she gets her wallet. "What did he say?"

Looking at Bucky then her, Steve puts on a brave smile. "Everyone's food is ready. He will see us when we get home."

She nods and looks at the price screen on the register. Paying the cashier, she goes and opens the car trunk. "How drunk was he?"

Startled, Steve looks at her. "What do you mean?"

Sighing, she looks at him and Bucky. "I'm not stupid and you're a terrible liar. He was drunk wasn't he?"

Nodding, Steve looks at her. "Yeah, I'm sorry."

Shaking her head, she puts the eggs and bread in the back seat. "It isn't your fault. One of you can drive and pick up the orders. I still don't know my way around."

Nodding, Steve takes the wheel and Bucky sits in the front passenger seat. The drive and stops are silent and the super-soldiers can't help but notice how quiet she is. Looking back, he sees her arms wrapped around herself and her dark chestnut hair sticking up against the window. He thinks she looks like an old woman in a young woman's body or that she's stretched too thin. Tapping his fingers against the steering wheel, he sighs. "Bucky and I can get everything in, why don't you go sit?"

Shaking her head, she looks up. "Nah, I just need to eat and then sleep. I can help."

Bucky turns to look at her. "Let us, after all, we've been acting like school boys this whole time. You can take the take out in and we can bring the groceries in, sound good?"

Relenting, she nods. "Thank you."

She walks in with the food and sets it up on the counter. Looking around she sees the team puts on a smile. "Hey, food's here. I'm going down to the workshop to give dad his pizza."

Giving a shaky smile, Bruce tries to grab the box. "I can do it. I'm sure you're tired."

Smiling softly in return, she looks at him. "I can handle it."

Looking into her eyes, Bruce nods. "Okay. He's got water and stuff in his shop."

Nodding, she grabs a blanket. "Thank you. I will be back."

The trip to the elevator is quick -two point five-six seconds- and she looks through the glass door. He's passed out at his work bench. Sighing, she walks in and places the pizza where he can see it. Gently she places the blanket over his shoulders and grabs two bottles of water and a pack of aspirin within his arm's reach. She kisses the top of his head and sighs. "I love you dad, it's nice to see you again. I wish you felt the same."

End  
file.